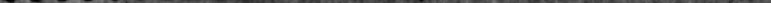


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ELEGIAC POETRY.
SPECIMEN
OF
ELEGIAC POETRY.



Printed [PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

MDCLXXIII

THE
S P E C I M E N
OF

ELEGIAC POETRY.

BY
J. H. W. L. S. J. H. W. L. S. J. H. W. L. S.

11630. c. 3
5

A

K Boyce

S P E C I M E N

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

ly as being the most correct, from a

small number written in the same manner.

Incipit et dubitat : scribit, damnatque tabellas :

Et notat et delet : mutat, culpatque probatque.

Specimen will best inform the OVID.

whether the others merit any further trouble

on attention.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIII.

B

SPECIMEN

ELEGIAC POETRY.

It is found in the most correct, from a
small number which in the same manner
Incipit et dubitat : scribit, danturque tabellae.
Et notat et delet : mutat, cuspidae prodantque.
Specimen est, hoc, inquit, the
OVIDIAN
whether the others merit any further trouble

Printed for T. B. in the Strand.



MDCCCLXXIII

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE two Poems are selected, merely as being the most correct, from a small number written in the same manner. —The opinion of the Publick upon this Specimen will best inform the Author whether the others merit any further trouble or attention.

THO. BOYCE.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

THESE two Poems are selected, merely as being the most correct, from a

small number written in the same manner.

—The opinion of the Publick upon this

Specimen will best inform the Author

whether the others merit any further trouble

or attention.

CHILDE, mark the milk-white Fawn

Tripping o'er the verdant lawn

How with many a graceful bound

Gay the flocks and frolics round

8
ELEGIA I.

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Sunt quoque qui lachrymas continuiffe negant.

*OVID.

CHLOE, mark the milk-white Fawn,

Tripping o'er the verdant lawn,

How with many a graceful bound,

Gay she frisks and frolics round,

Seeming

Seeming to her Mates to say,

Sportive Sisters, come and play—

Ah me! She drops, she bleeds, she dies.

The fearful Herd in terror flies.

Inhuman Archer!—view thy Prey—

Horror!—how stern he stalks away!

'Tis Death himself who twang'd the bow,

And laid the blooming HEBE low.

Than the milk-white Fawn more fair,

Fresher than the morning Air

Blither than the feather'd Spray.

HEBE hail'd the jocund Day!

The

ELEGIAC

9

The setting Sun, with dewy eye,
 Breathless beheld pale Beauty lie
 And ah! immortal as you seem'd,
 Ye Nymphs of Henham's fragrant
 bow'rs,
 Who led in dance the laughing Hours,
 Beneath the various-blossom'd shade,
 Full many a wild freak have you play'd;
 How wary left some curious eye
 Your blameless pastimes should espy!
 Unmindful of the fatal Foe,
 Who ceaseless meditates his blow.

Fate

C

The

The Poet's eye, perchance too bold,
 Did oft your flowery sports behold;
 And ah! immortal as you seem'd,
 E'en to the raptur'd Poet deem'd;
 Who early charm'd with antient song,
 Sported with Nymphs to whom belong
 Unfading Beauty, endless Youth,
 And Fiction still mistook for Truth.
 Ye Fables false, and Legends vain,
 No more delude my troubled brain:
 Had Immortality been giv'n
 To aught existing under Heav'n,

ELEGANT

11

Fate had not Here the Boon denied;

Nor had the blooming Hebe died;

Here stole a Sigh from Chloe's breast,

And hardly was the Tear suppress'd

With faltering voice, the plaintive Swain

Resum'd and ended thus his strain.

Yet, mighty Monarch, yet thus low

Before thy ebon Throne I bow:

There lives a Nymph so wond'rous fair,

Of Grace and Virtue passing rare,

So

So gentle that the timid Lamb
 Will straggle from its bleating Dam,
 To court her smiles,—and skip and play,
 Regardless of the smiles of May;
 Look not on Her;—To Her a thing Eye,
 That by a Look the Nymph would die.

Yet, mighty Monarch, yet thus low

Before thy ebon Throne I bow :

There lives a Nymph so wondrous fair,

Of Grace and Virtue passing rare,

THE unfortunate Subject of this Poem
was the natural Daughter of a Field Officer

who fell in the course of the late War.

ELEGY

She was bred up in an obscure Village in
the County of Suffolk; in which situation,
before she had completed the seventeenth

year of her age, she fell a Sacrifice to the

ill-fate of her father, who quickly abandoned

her.—Unable to support the grief and shame

of her condition, with her own hands she

ended her days.

May Heav'n forbear each biting blast,

Nor rudely be thou cropt at last!

THE unfortunate Subject of this Poem
was the natural Daughter of a Field Officer
who fell in the course of the late War.
She was bred up in an obscure Village in
the County of Suffolk ; in which situation,
before she had completed the seventeenth
year of her age, she fell a Sacrifice to the
arts of a Villain, who quickly abandoned
her.—Unable to support the grief and shame
of her condition, with her own hands she
put a period to her life.

To hail the Violet as it blows,

Is sure no treason to the Rose.

ELEGIAC II.

Al lovely Rose the garden's pride!
SWEET Flower, in humble hedge-row
 While thy blushing beauties bide;
 born,

And nurs't beneath the rugged Thorn,

Content in this neglected soil,

If Phoebus sometimes deign to smile,

When opening to the genial ray,

Thy sober charms approach the Day;

May Heav'n forefend each biting blast,

Nor rudely be thou cropt at last!

To hail the Violet as it blows,
Is sure no treason to the Rose.

ELEGIAC II.

Ah lovely Rose, the garden's pride!

Awhile thy blushing beauties hide;

In sorrow bow thy blooming head,

Nor scorn one pearly tear to shed;

For Virtue, tender, tho' severe,

May give to Misery a tear:

Pity by thee so graceful worn,

Shall teach the Flow'rets all to mourn.

So rudely be thou crop'd at last!

ELEGIAC II. 17

So bright the Sun, the Morn so fair,
 So fresh, so fragrant breathes the Air,
 What Demon of the dusky Night,
 Pollutes the pure, the purple Light?
 Detested Spoiler, hence, ayaunt;
 Hie thee to some infernal haunt;
 Some Cave in Ætna's burning side,
 Where Fiends might tremble to abide,
 And there, with Lust more hot than Hell,
 For ever be Thou doom'd to dwell.

Cease, cease ye Warblers of the Grove,
No more be heard the voice of Love;
Hush'd be the music of the Spring;
The Raven only knows to sing:
From yon sequester'd Elm, his cry
Bids Horror wake—and fix the eye
On that pale Image, lost in woe,
Which clasps the rugged stem below:
The Tree no more shall foliage grace,
Wither'd within her cold embrace.

Ill-fated Nymph! than whom was seen
None fairer on the flow'ry green;
So rudely spoil'd, thy charms no more
The gazing Rustic shall adore;
No more the faithful Shepherd's tale,
In murmurs like the summer gale,
His purer passion shall impart,
And sooth to Love thy softening heart.
Too tender heart!—alas that Heav'n
Its share of Fortitude had giv'n!—
But mark the frenzy-rolling eye;
See the bright dagger rais'd on high:

Ah

Ah lovely Victim!—must it be?

Mercy delights to smile on Thee:

The Muse shall bid e'en sorrow cease,

And charm thee with the songs of peace:

Then spare, O spare that blooming breast—

She strikes,—she dies, and sinks to rest.

11.7.19

His purer passion shall impart

And looth to Love thy softening heart.

Too tender heart!—alas that Heaven

THE END.

Its share of Fortitude had given!

But mark the frenzy-rolling eye;

See the bright dagger rais'd on high: